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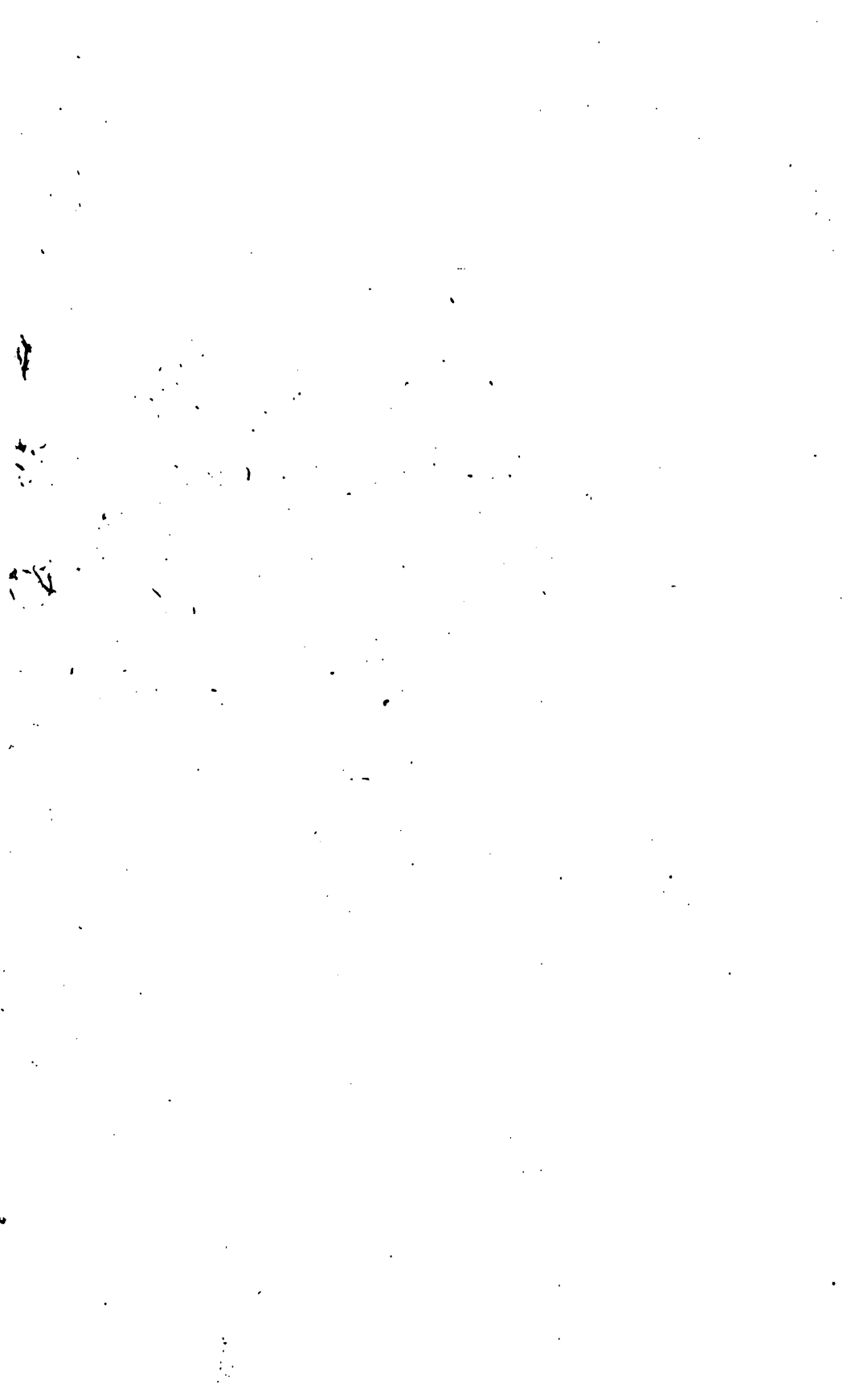
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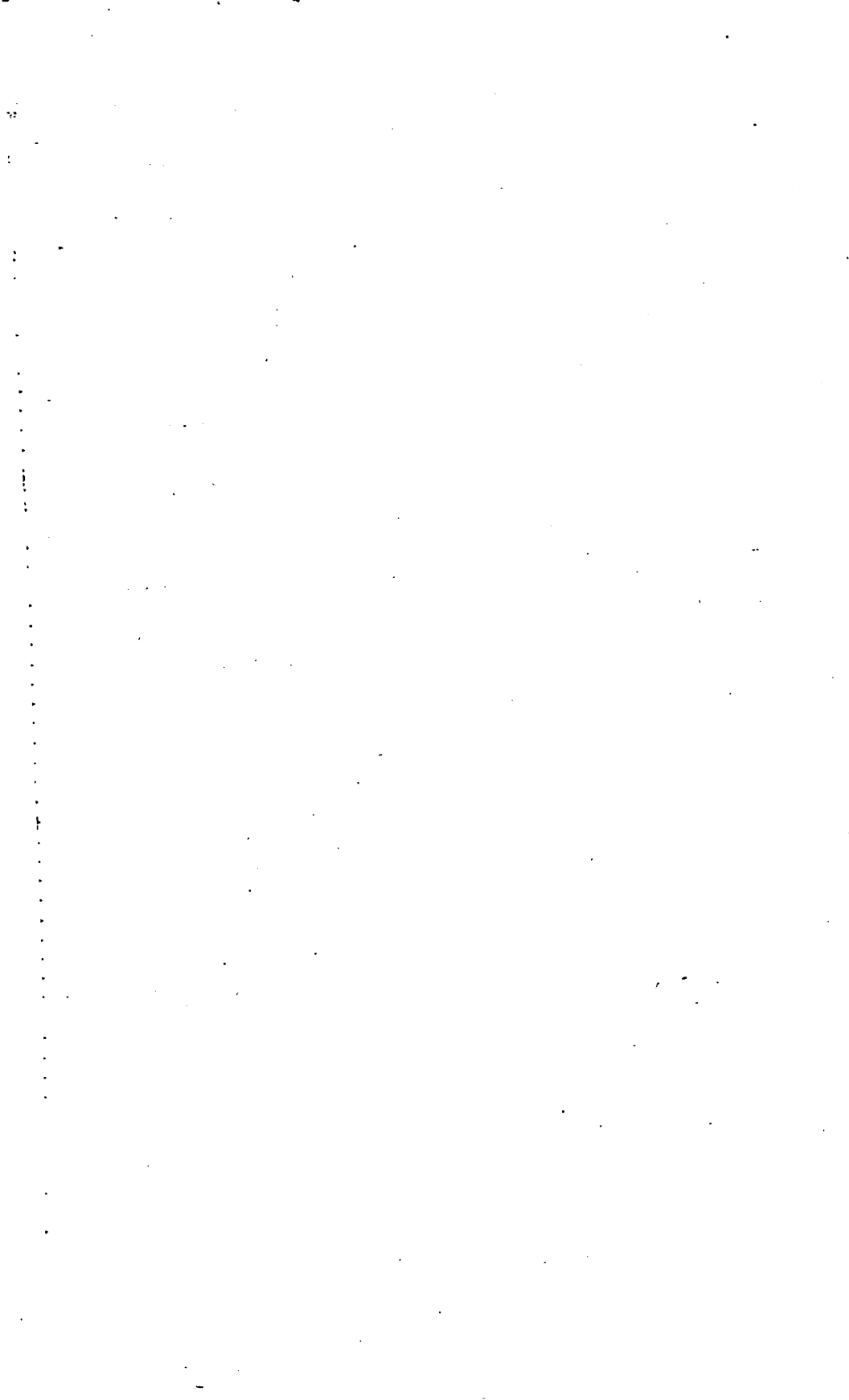
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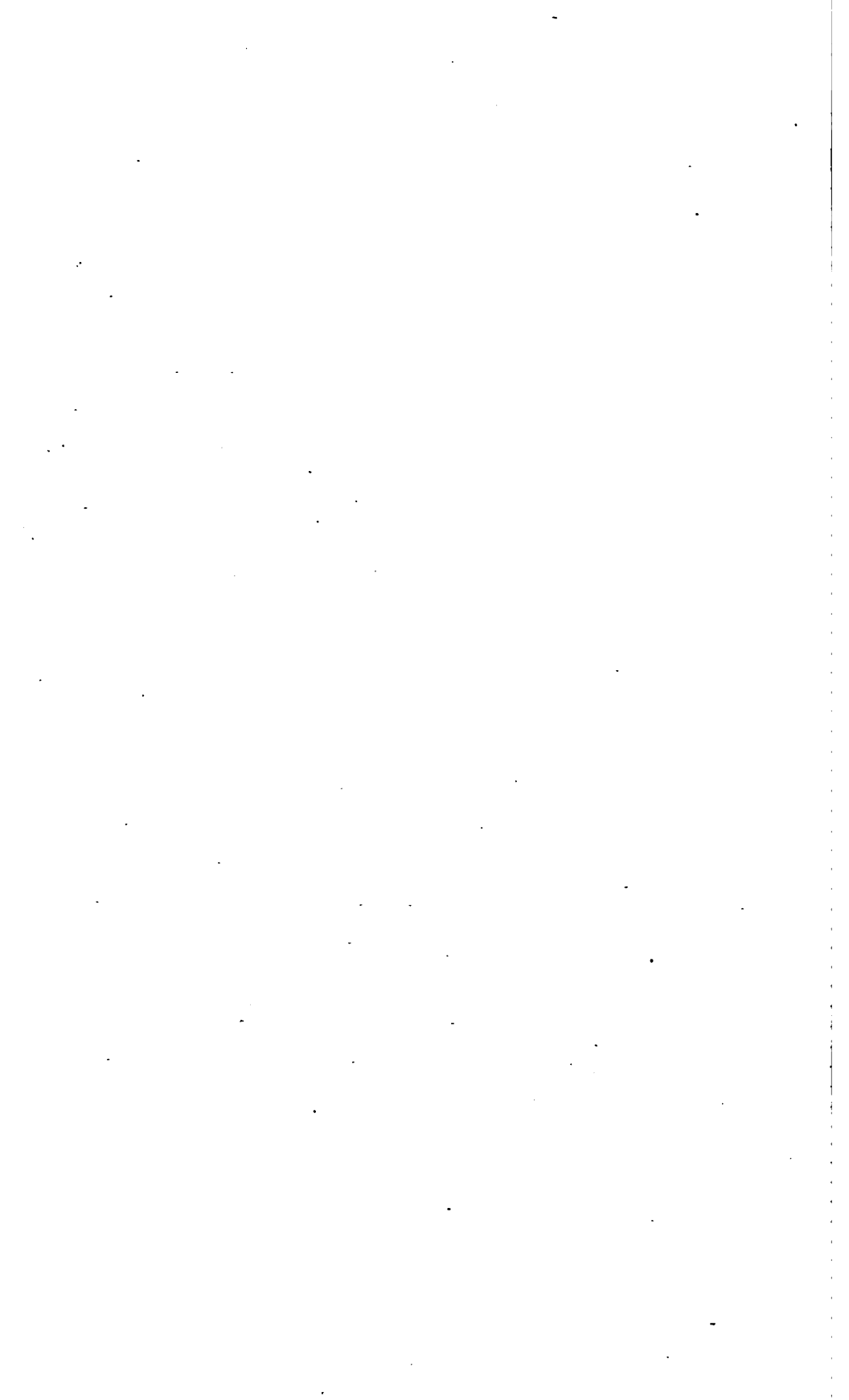
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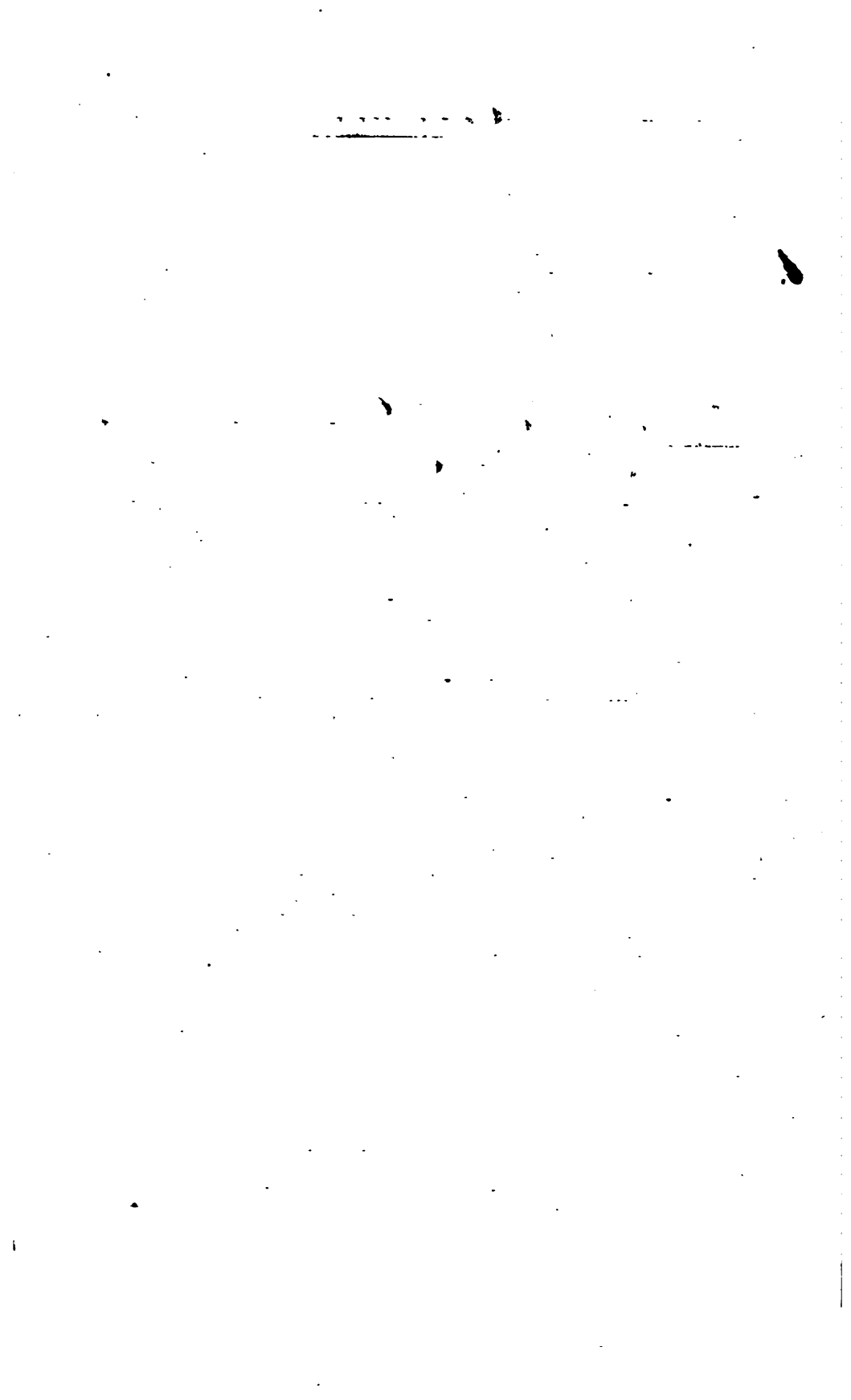














## Contents:-

1. See Opposite.
2. Doer, T. H. A Discourse on the  
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son Whitman, etc. B. 1848

*Harvard College Library*  
*From the Author*

MEMORIAL

REV. JASON WHITMAN,

LATE PASTOR

OF THE

FIRST CHURCH IN LEXINGTON, MASS.

WITH AN

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT HIS FUNERAL,

JANUARY 20, 1848.

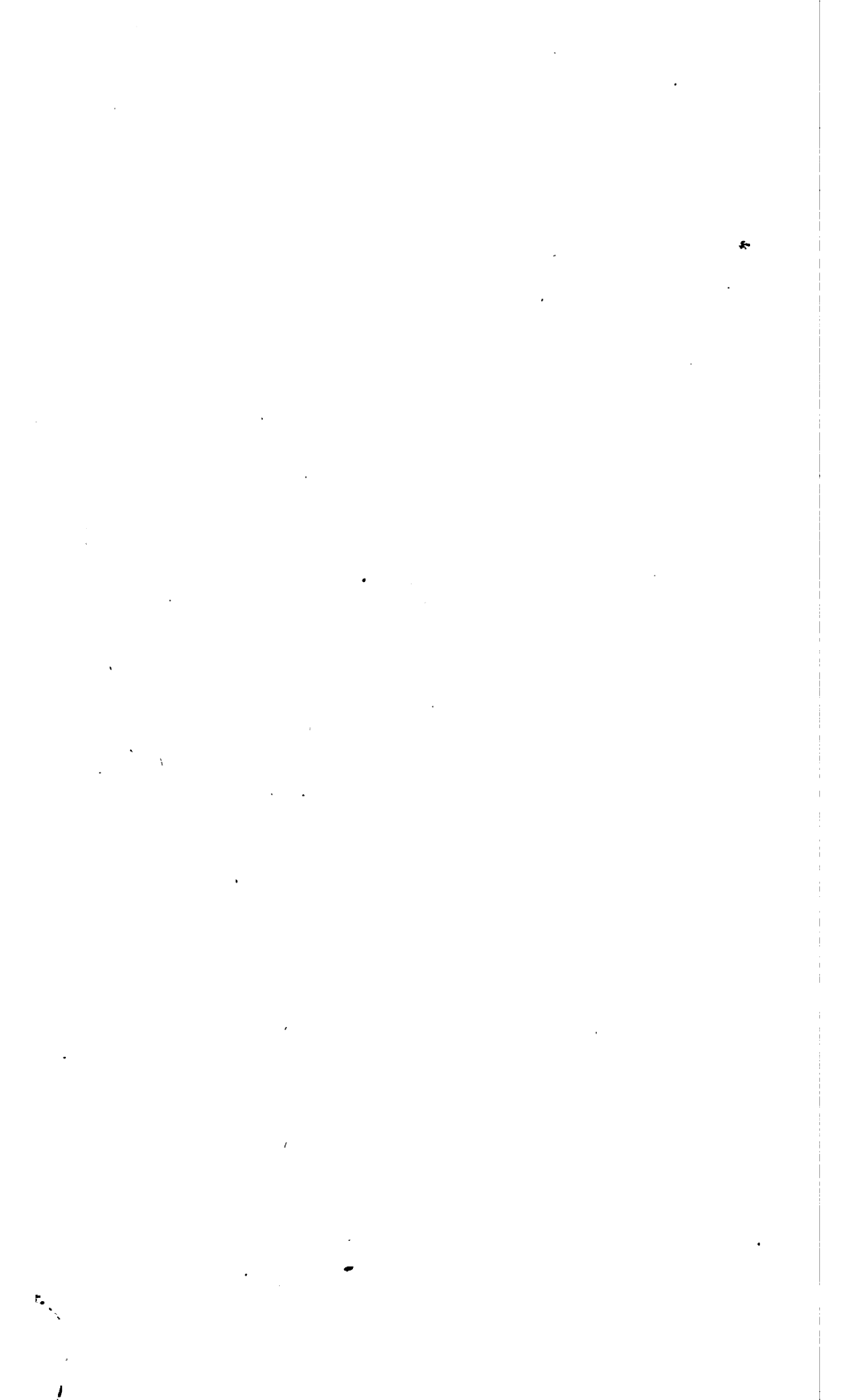
*By Rev. A. B. Muzzey*  
By REV. A. B. MUZZEY,

MINISTER OF THE LEE STREET CHURCH, CAMBRIDGE.

BOSTON:

LEONARD C. BOWLES.

1848.



*Artemas Bowers*  
By REV. A. B. MUZZEY,

Boston:  
LEONARD C. BOWLES.  
1848.

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*10.10.19 (H. U. 182 41.)*

PRINTED BY J. B. CHISHOLM,  
5 WATER STREET, BOSTON.

## MEMORIAL OF REV. JASON WHITMAN.

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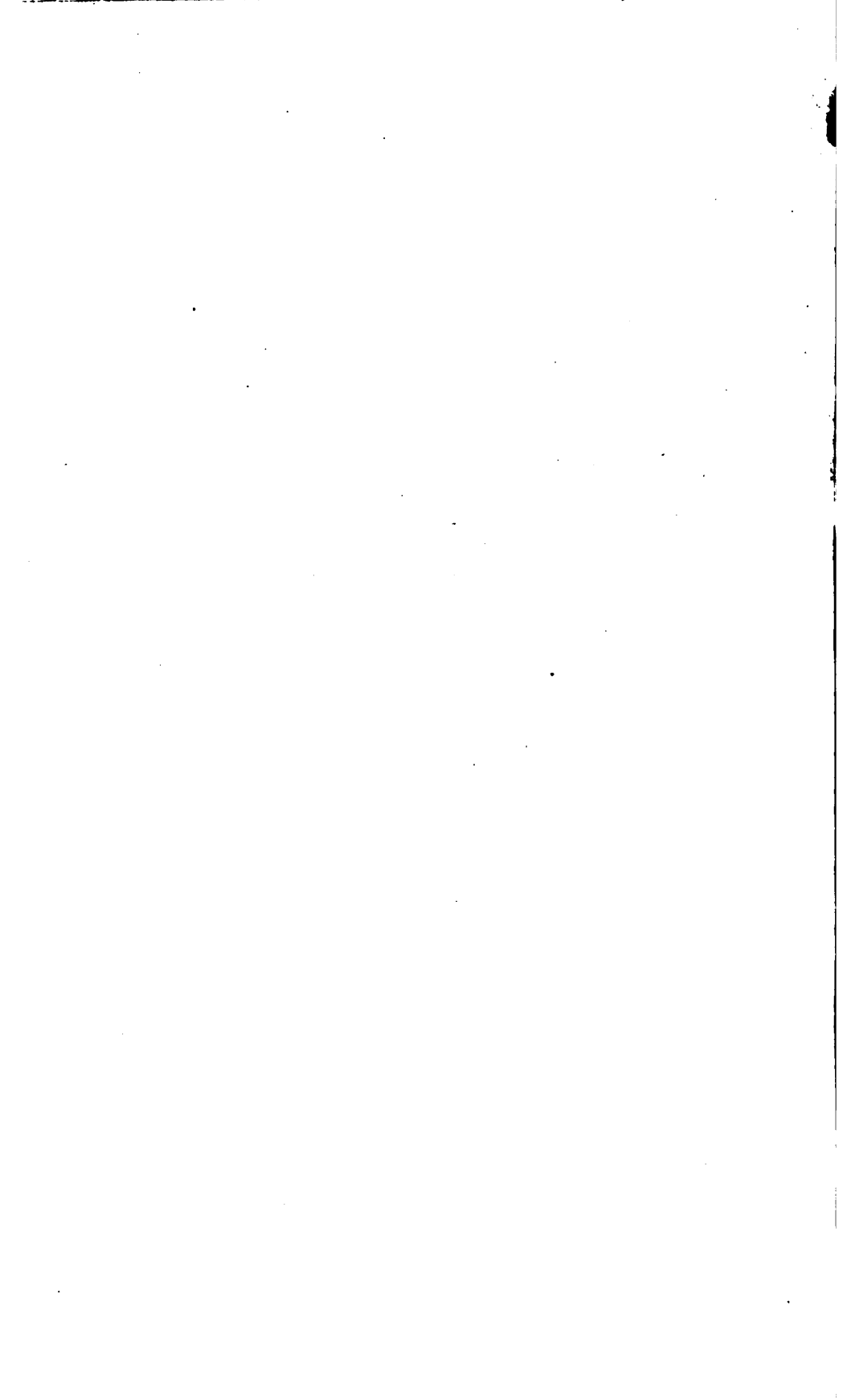
THE recent departure of a prominent clergyman of our denomination, and one who by his character and services filled a large place in our community, calls us to record, imperfectly though it must be, our sense of his labors and merits. The life of Mr. Whitman was not long, as most men estimate this life. He was born April 30, 1799, and departed therefore in the forty-ninth year of his age. In his early days his health was feeble, and it continued so until a few years before his death. On this account it was thought he could not devote himself to study, and he did not enter college until twenty-two years of age. After completing his studies at Cambridge, August, 1825, he spent some years in an academy at Billerica. From that place he returned to Cambridge and spent the usual term in the Theological School. He was soon after this settled in the ministry at Saco, Maine, where he remained between three and four years, until invited to the office of Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, which place he occupied for one year. In 1835 he was installed over the Second Unitarian Society in Portland, Maine ; he continued there un-

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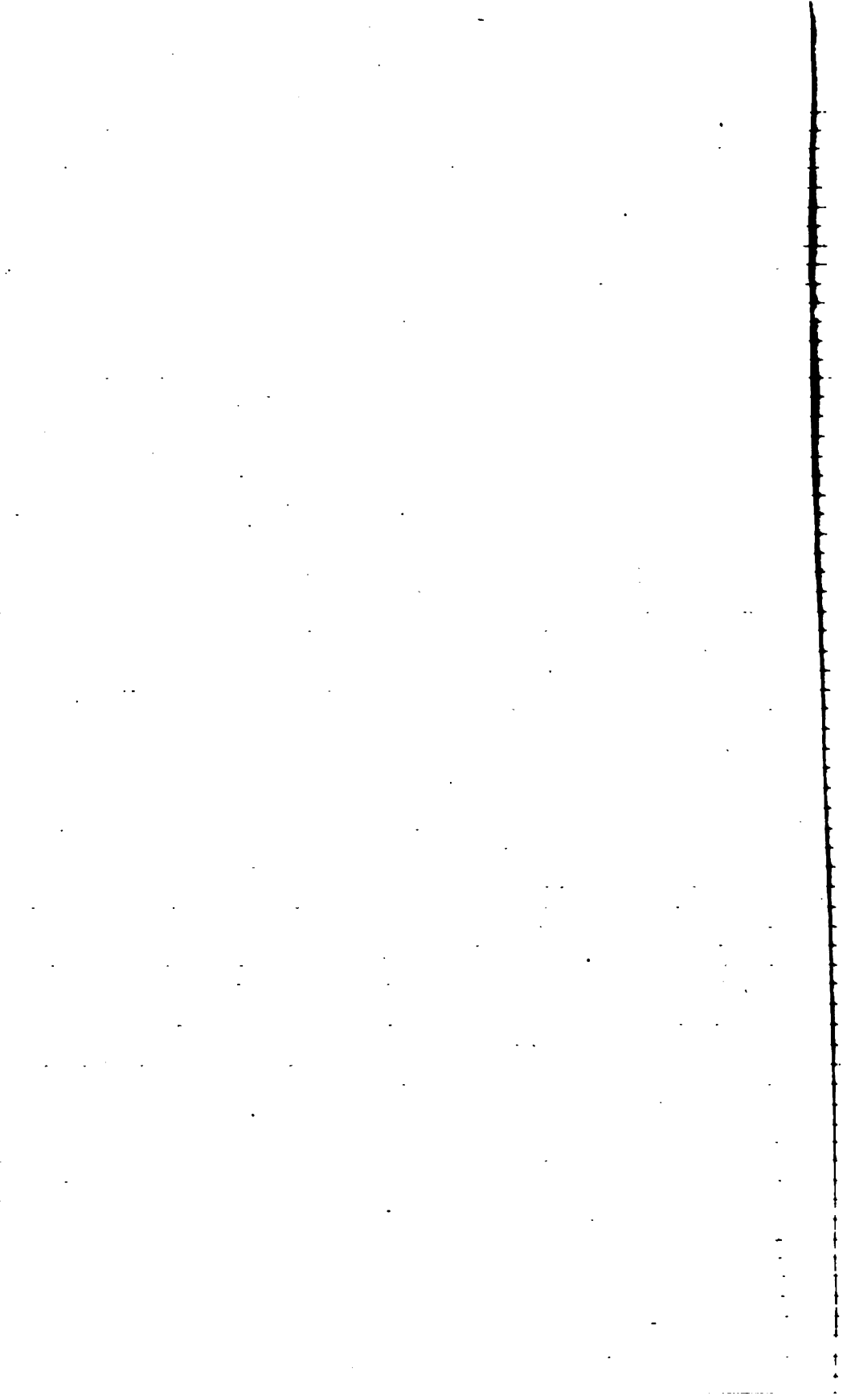




But you, his parishioners, are not alone in your sorrow; a gloom is thrown over this whole place by the removal of one who has been emphatically a public benefactor. Other societies lament with you his loss; as they call to mind his catholic temper, his freedom from sectarianism, his piety unquestioned by any denomination, his cordial intercourse with them all, they join in one heartfelt tribute to his memory. He was a useful citizen, no less than a devoted minister; his large soul refused to wear the trammels of sect or party. He went about everywhere doing good. His active temperament united with habits of industry, enabled him to accomplish much beyond the sphere of his own parish. Although his health was never firm, yet by an earnest, cheerful and persevering spirit, he has performed in various relations the labors of a long life.

He was a steadfast friend to the cause of Education. His interest in the young led him to foster early and late the Sunday School. He labored not only for the moral and spiritual culture of those in his immediate charge, but in the associations of this county and of the denomination at large. He was constant at our meetings, full of wise suggestions and fervent exhortations. We are called this day to the grave of our children's friend. He was active in promoting the welfare of our Common Schools, doing his part zealously on Committees, giving instruction to parents, breathing life and energy into teachers, and imparting wisdom by public lectures, and by his untiring pen; always commending the good and inciting to the still higher and better.

He was a ready writer, and hence the amount of his productions in the cause of religion, learning and good morals was large. He was a contributor to nearly all the journals of our denomination; he wrote several of our larger and smaller



you saw that the fountain of devotion was kept full, and this made the streams rich and various. During his last sickness he said repeatedly, as hope and fear alternated through his case, "All will be right." His eye seemed fixed on the Father, and his heart was therefore tranquil.

The circumstances under which he was taken from us were striking and impressive. He left his home to attend the funeral obsequies of a brother ; but before that mournful hour he was himself assailed by a mortal disease, and prevented from uniting in that tribute. As he was confined in his sick chamber he meditated a discourse adapted to taking leave of this house.\* But that discourse was never to be uttered by his lips ; it must be preached from his home in Heaven. Another sermon also, suited to the approaching dedication of the new church, was passing through his mind ; "It will be," said he to a friend, "if I live to preach it, such a sermon, prepared here and now, as I never before preached." The text was, "Rejoice with trembling." Ah, how full of the past, and how prophetic of the future, were those few words. He had seen one temple at the very hour, as it were, appointed for its consecration, laid in ashes. And now, as he contemplates the new one, he is touched by the uncertain destiny of itself and of the pastor and his people, and he fitly takes as his theme, "Rejoice with trembling."

Not only his people, but his brethren in the ministry are called to deep grief by this event. They have lost one with whom they "took sweet counsel," whose judgment they respected and whose love crowned the wisdom of his words. Little did I imagine, when giving him the right hand of fra-

\* His congregation, by the kindness of the Baptist Society, had worshipped many months with them.

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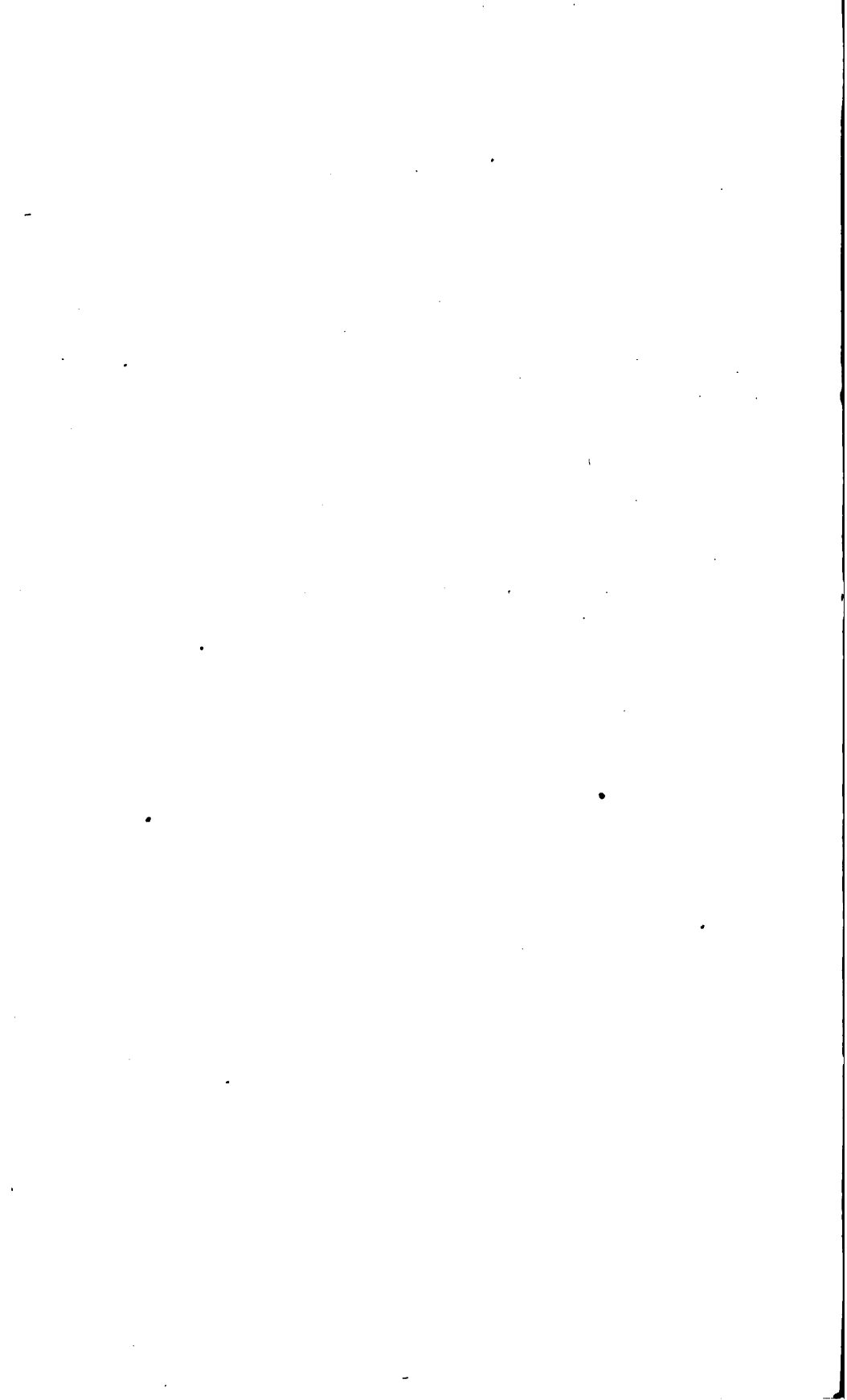
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LEONARD C. BOWLES.  
1848.









*Serv. Theodore H. Dorr*

DISCOURSE

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

REV. JASON WHITMAN:

DELIVERED IN THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN LEXINGTON, FEB. 27, 1848,

*Haskell*  
BY THEODORE H. DORR,

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1848.

1860, Sept. 18.  
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THIS DISCOURSE IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO HER WHO MOURNS  
THE DEPARTURE OF A DEVOTED HUSBAND, AND TO WHOM  
THE WRITER IS HAPPY TO OFFER EVEN THE  
HUMBLEST TRIBUTE OF HIS  
SYMPATHY.



## DISCOURSE.

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HEB. XI. 4. — "HE BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH."

It is the privilege of all men, when the flame of life is fast dying away, and at last goes out in this world, to be rekindled again from the inspiration of the Almighty in the realm of everlasting light; and alike the consolation of the world, when its friends and benefactors are taken from its immediate service on earth, that their voice, though hushed in the sleep of death, "yet speaketh," and will not cease to be heard by every generous soul. It is a privilege, and a consolation, that belong to no peculiar walk in life, and no single sphere of action, however humble or exalted! The fond parent at the lowliest domestic altar, however humble the child that is called from earth's communion, finds this comfort a rich resource, that "he being dead, yet speaketh;" speaketh by that filial love, that is almost as indestructible as life itself; by those world-unknown, but dearly treasured home virtues, that marked his life, and which death could not efface! The meekest soul, when



the messenger of death places its seal upon the brow, and stamps it for its own, hath this privilege to reward it for its virtuous strivings, that in the circle of friends to which it is known, when the silver cord is loosed, it will "yet speak," be remembered and honored, until "their clod shall also mingle in the vale," and "the spirit spring to the arms of God, to life and liberty." The privilege and the consolation are the same, when the great, the chosen, and the exalted lie down in the dust! As both the rich and the poor, the high and the low, alike meet in the grave, and in heaven before the judgment seat of God, so have they in their dying hours a common privilege to assuage their pains, and their friends a common consolation to support them in the hour of bereavement! How blessed a truth this is! The *good* men do lives after them! The sincere, trusting soul lies down on the death-bed with no less sweet a privilege than Jesus had, that his example and his words would speak in touching tones to our humanity, after he had passed to his heavenly kingdom. There is no death of the true and holy without its privileged hopes, no bereavement without its heavenly consolation! Is it not, also, a delightful thought, that we are hence led to cherish, that all pure and heavenly spirits are thus united in their lives, and in their death are not divided! That all who labor for the highest ends of living, however great and good they may be, are connected indissolubly to all who bend their energies

in the same direction, however humble or obscure ! We have a tender sympathy with them whilst they live, an important interest in all their labors, and when they die, we feel that we ourselves are bereaved, that their departure from earth is a wound to our affections, and a blow to our hopes. We are *one* with them in *life*, we are *one* with them in *death*.

My friends, what a power such truths as these must have, when earnest, faithful souls are summoned to meet their last hours on earth ; when a generous philanthropy, that has burned with celestial ardor, hears the messenger of God uttering that call from which there is no discharge. At that season, the highest joy and dearest hope of true Christian hearts are, indeed, soon to be united in closer communion with God and the Saviour of the world ! Yet, as the glories and the blessed service of the future life burst upon their vision, the kindred brightness and beauty of the present become dearer and holier than ever ! Those things, for which they have so long and so faithfully labored here, those hopes they have cherished, those truths they have spoken, those causes they have endeavored to promote, assume a higher significance. Imagine for a moment the closing hours in the life of a Howard, a Fenelon, a Wilberforce, a *Follen*, tossed, *alas !* as that death-bed was by the heaving surge, and surrounded by the glowing midnight flames, — of a Channing, and, *must I add it*, of a *Whitman* ; imagine their souls in that hour

of emancipation from the flesh, and can you for an instant suppose, that the love they treasured for man, and the good they had longed to confer upon him, faded before the heavenly prospect, ceased to claim their ardent prayers, or failed to excite in their minds a desire to stay upon earth, and pursue the work given them to do! To my own mind, it appears, that in the dying hour, deeper even than the pangs of separation from the beloved and dear, to whom they shall hereafter be reunited, in a world where there is no more separation, and over whom they know that the widow's God, and the Father of the fatherless will ever extend his watchful providence, — deeper than any pangs of disease, must be the sorrow of those who have been laboring ardently for others, that they must now quit their favored walks of duty, and leave undone much that they had designed to do on earth! Perceiving with an increased intensity of vision the errors of the world, the dangers and wants of the community in the midst of which they have worked, and of the country for which they have prayed, what a field yet remained for their exertions, and that the laborers were but too few, must they not have experienced a regret that they were to be cut off from the scenes of their earthly service? Our departed brother, of whom it is my melancholy privilege to speak to-day, said, when upon the bed of his last sickness, that he often prayed to God that he might be restored, though always resigned, enough to say, "Thy will be

•

done!" Such feelings evince no love of earth before heaven; only a wish to remain here for a further season to help onward the Redeemer's kingdom, and add to the triumphs of God's truth! If it is indeed so, what a comfort must such ones find at the last in the reflection, that though dead in the body, they shall ever live in the spirit to the world; that though they may no longer utter their devout convictions, and urge their earnest persuasions upon their fellow-creatures, yet the words they have spoken shall be remembered, and whatever was true and noble in their lives shall still mingle with other influences for the salvation of the world!

And as I come now to speak of that beloved and sainted spirit in this house which you had built that he might have some suitable altar from which to breathe forth his *devout, faithful, and earnest* word, I know of no richer consolation to support me in this sad duty! "He being dead, yet speaketh!" Yes! he is with me still! Wherever I go, whithersoever I turn, he is at my side! By day, at night, I hear his voice! He bears me on his prayers! He counsels, he sympathizes with me, he cheers me on. I trust that I am resigned to what, you all know, is *my* severe bereavement, as well as your own! But I pray to be still more resigned; that my faith may be confirmed. I ask from God consolation and comfort; and wherein shall I find them, how shall I offer them to you and those dearest bereaved ones, whom he hath left behind, but in the persuasion, that cannot be taken from us, that "he, being

dead, yet speaketh." Let us listen, reverently, to what the spirit saith in our hearts.

Rev. Jason Whitman was born in Bridgewater, April 30, 1799, and was the youngest member of his father's family. To the kindness of one who loved him tenderly, and deeply bewails his early departure from earth, I am indebted for valuable reminiscences of his early life.\* He was quite a feeble child. The family physician thought that there was such a disarrangement of the organs of respiration, and such slight hopes could be indulged of his ever becoming healthy and strong, it would seem the greater mercy if his life was not spared. For the first month it was with great difficulty, with even the most assiduous care, that the spark of life could be kept alive. After that time, however, the vital energies prevailed, but as he grew up he was feebler than most boys of his age, and required to be carefully guarded from exposure to taking cold. At the age of about five years he had the whooping cough, which left him with a cough and a difficulty in the bronchial tubes, from which he never afterwards was free. He was not equal to many things that were comparatively easy to other children, and was more frequently found in the house than engaging in their usual sports and amusements. It is a pleasant thing, however, to know, that in his youth he

\* His sister, Miss Bathsheba Whitman.

exhibited that same cheerfulness of character, which in maturer life, under the sacred guidance of a firm religious faith, supported him through many vicissitudes and trials. He had also a remarkably retentive memory, having, when quite young, committed to memory the whole of Mason's *Essay on Self-Knowledge*. But the most extraordinary trait that was early manifested, was his "truthfulness; no shrinking or backwardness, whatever the consequence. *That* he never seemed to *fear at all*, being always ready to acknowledge his faults and suffer the penalty." Between the ages of fourteen and eighteen years, he alternately worked on his father's farm, and attended the academy in Bridgewater, then under the care of Mr. David Reed. His progress in his studies was so great as to induce the desire on the part of some of his nearest friends, that he should enter upon the work of gaining a complete education. In the opinion of his father, his liability to frequent severe illness, and a lack of sufficient pecuniary means, rendered such a thing impracticable, and seemed obstacles too great to be overcome. The necessity of such a course, however, as the only resort, as he was unable to undergo the labor of any manual employment, was strongly urged, and assistance offered by one then and always a constant friend to him; and after much deliberation his father consented, saying, "that he could not rationally expect him to live long; but if he could get so much education as to enable him to keep school, he should

be glad." Little did that father think, not only how efficient and successful a teacher he would be, but how valuable a friend also to the cause of education ! In the spring of 1818, he went to study with his older brother, Rev. Nathaniel Whitman, then pastor of the First Congregational society in Billerica. In the month of August following, he went to Exeter, N. H., and continued at the Academy there three years, when, at the age of 22 years, he began his collegiate studies at Harvard University. Whilst there, he gained the regard and honor of all, was remarkable for his fidelity to principle, for his truthfulness, for his great respect to the government of the University, and for his ripe scholarship. He graduated with high honors in 1825. I have often heard him remark, that although he entered college at a much later period than is usual, he believed that he derived a higher benefit from his collegiate life, than he could have done otherwise. Whilst in college he had frequently taught school in the vacations at Billerica, and other places. At the conclusion of his course, in 1825, he engaged for three years in teaching the Academy in Billerica, and then, after much deliberation, determined upon studying Divinity. It was the entreaty of the distinguished physician of that town to the beloved sister of our departed friend, that she should dissuade her brother from engaging in preparation for the ministry, because, on account of the difficulty in the bronchial tubes, he could not become

a public speaker.\* But he was not willing then, any more than in his youth, to listen to any fears, and therefore at once began his studies at Cambridge. Having passed about two years there, he was approbated by an association of ministers in Norfolk County, and preached for a few Sabbaths in the town of Canton, where he was invited to settle. But subsequently receiving a call from the Unitarian Parish in Saco, he was ordained in the year 1830. He continued in that place in the discharge of a happy and successful ministry, three or four years, when he was appointed General Secretary of the American Unitarian Association in Boston. His labors in its behalf were arduous and faithful, and will long be remembered and honored. In the year 1835, on account of the crowded state of Rev. Dr. Nichols' society in Portland, a desire was expressed to secure his services in building up a new society of our denomination. To this proposal, after much deliberation, he was still unwilling to listen, until he received a very pressing and cordial letter from Rev. Dr. Nichols, urging him to engage in the work. He was kindly welcomed as a fellow-laborer, and throughout his ministry in Portland enjoyed his countenance and sympathy. To that people, "he, being dead, yet speaketh." Many a heart found a blessing under his ministry, and many a soul was trained for the mansions of bliss above. It was during his labors

\* Dr. Zadoc Howe.



there, that he suffered from two severe attacks of pleurisy, and that he was obliged, during one period, to seek confirmation of his wasted energies by absence from our severe northern climate. The season that he spent at this time in the city of Savannah, Georgia, in ministering to the religious society of our faith there, was fruitful in good works, and the impression that he made was so deep and so salutary, that the society anxiously sought the removal of his ministry from his own parish in Maine to their own more genial clime. To this proposal, however, he could not listen. It was not turned roughly or uncereemoniously aside, but only after deliberate and careful examination. To labor in a sphere where human freedom was so dreadfully abridged, could never suit his philanthropic temperament; and it was there that he acquired that knowledge of the system of slavery, that inspired him ever after to contend manfully, and yet in the spirit of Christian love, against this foe to God, and curse to man. His first engagement with the society in Portland, was for the period of five years. At the end of that time, a similar engagement was entered into for five years more; at the conclusion of which, the engagement not being renewed, he accepted, in June, 1845, the unanimous invitation of this religious society to become its pastor. Upon leaving Portland, he received the most honorable testimonials of love and regard from the First Parish in that city, in which he was greatly beloved, and to which, equally as to his own peo-

ple, he preached that beautiful and most touching discourse, on the text, "Farewell." His installation as your pastor, on the 30th of July, 1845, opened a bright page in the annals of the ministry to this society, which, though destined to bear the inscriptions of only two years and six months' service, will ever shine with undimmed lustre, until that time when in the light of eternity all their records shall be unfolded. During the larger part of his labors among you, his health was firm as usual, though I think that he ever felt the necessity of guarding himself from unnecessary exposure to taking cold, by which a turn of the pleurisy might be brought on, and to which he was peculiarly susceptible. The attack of that disease which he experienced on the night of the 30th of January, 1847, more than a year since, served to remind him more strongly than ever of his liability to severe sickness; and ever since that time, those who were most in his society, and especially his own dearest friends, felt much anxiety for him. His health seemed, after his recovery from that attack, less firm than before. He was less capable of sustaining fatigue. This was not evident to all. When to those whom he met in the course of his daily duties, he appeared as well as usual, in the retirement of home his weakness was but too apparent. Days of active labor, of hearty exertions for the good of others, were frequently followed by sleepless, restless nights, to be followed again by other labors of intense mental

energy, and of ready sympathy for all. His spirit was buoyed up, doubtless, not only by that love for doing good, and that sense of duty, which were at all times sufficient motives, but likewise by the fond hopes that he cherished of being permitted to worship with and minister to you, Christian friends, in this sanctuary. When he reflected upon the various untoward circumstances that had fallen in your path, when he felt his own infirmities, the prospect of dedicating this house to the worship of God, and of reuniting you all in holy sympathy, and holy labors, strengthened and comforted him. That time and season it was not given him to know. Suddenly called from home on Thursday, December 27th, of the last year, to accompany his beloved partner in life to the place of his early ministry, where she was summoned to mourn that heavy dispensation in the loss of a dearly loved and much honored brother, you were never to see him in life again. After arriving at Saco and spending one night there, finding that the funeral obsequies of the late lamented Senator Fairfield would not take place until the last part of that week, he determined upon a visit to his many friends in Portland. It was after visiting the cemetery in Saco, that during his ride thence to the railroad depot in an open sleigh, after having become quite warm in walking about among the graves of the dead, not realizing how soon his relics, too, should also slumber in the dust, that he experienced that chill striking to his chest, which was the immediate

cause of his last sickness. Whilst visiting his friends in Portland, on the evening of that day, he delighted them all by his remarkable cheerfulness and vivacity of spirits. In the night, however, he was very severely attacked once more by the pleurisy. This resulted in lung fever, and an increased difficulty in the bronchial tubes, which, at the end of less than a week, seemed to all about to terminate his existence. On Monday, January 3d, though suffering intense agony, he was entirely calm and self-possessed; and made those arrangements of his earthly affairs, and gave those directions as to his family, that were necessary, and to which he never afterwards recurred. It was on this day, whilst in the endurance of much pain, that he uttered those words of most valued import, that "His mind was entirely clear and self-possessed, and his faith was perfectly strong and delightful." A temporary relief, however, was experienced by the application of powerful medical remedies, and from day to day hopes were indulged by the many friends by whom he was surrounded in the place of his ten years' ministry, and prayers were unceasingly offered by all who knew him, that his precious life might be spared. It was observed, at the same time, that he himself indulged no such hopes. In previous seasons of sickness he had never desponded; but now he was seen to be in an entirely different frame of mind, believing it impossible that he could be raised up. To his beloved partner in life he often said, "Do not be de-

ceived; do not flatter yourself too much." Still, upon a representation being made to him, that it was necessary, in order to his restoration, that he should be cheerful and keep up a good heart, he said, "that he would make an effort," and he did, a very great one. Much of his time was spent in devout thought. He was observed to be frequently making motions, whilst on his bed, as if he was preaching, and he explained this, saying that he had several times preached over his sermon for the dedication of this Church, from the text, "Rejoice, with trembling;" and declared that if he did recover, he should preach as he never had been able to do before, the hours of sickness had been of such value to him. Upon the receipt of letters from home, he was, for a time, able to hear them read through, but afterwards he desired that they might be read privately, and he would then ask questions himself in regard to them. On Monday, the day before he died, having received a visit from one of your parish committee, he expressed a doubt of his being able to preach the sermon of Dedication, but he hoped to make the prayer on that occasion. On Tuesday, at noon, however, his strength having greatly failed, he said to one who was his constant attendant, that "he was aware that his case was a very critical one." During the evening he sat up as usual for a short time, and upon retiring to bed, fell into a gentle sleep. From this he aroused only to ask for something to drink, and again went to sleep, when, a slight change only being per-

ceptible, at precisely twelve o'clock his soul was gently released from its earthly tenement, and from its earthly labors, to enter upon the glorious service of a higher world.

"Then were life's labors ended. Not till then,  
So full of chance and change the lives of men,  
Could we pronounce him happy. Then secure  
From pain, from grief, and all that we endure,  
He *slept in peace*, say rather, *soared to Heaven*,  
Upborne from earth by Him to whom 't is given  
In his right hand to hold the golden key  
That opes the portals of eternity."

And what an irreparable loss has been sustained by a beloved and dependent family and a large circle of friends; by his people here; by those to whom he had ministered elsewhere; by this whole town and community; by our own denomination, and by the spirit of enlarged Christian charity among other bodies of Christians, by whom he was held in high regard; by the cause of Education, of which he was an early, constant, and efficient friend; by every cause of Philanthropy, for which, when his mind saw clearly the path of duty, he was ready to labor by his hand, by his voice, by his pen, and by his prayers; and to which he rendered most cheerfully every sacrifice within his power. Overwhelmed as all are by this heavy affliction, what a consolation is it to know that "He, being dead, yet speaketh."

As a minister of the Gospel, it has been given to very few to fulfil the work that was performed by

our departed friend. With a very clear intellectual discernment and a profound study of the Scriptures, he united a degree of practical wisdom amidst the arduous duties of the profession, which has rarely, if ever, been surpassed, and which, as we look about us, we find none to supply. It is probable that we have had no one in our denomination who has been a more zealous advocate of our views, or has given them a greater practical efficacy. Whatever truth he attained he esteemed of value as a moral agent in the restitution of human souls; and every conviction of his mind burned within so ardently, that his faith poured itself forth, as it were, spontaneously and irresistibly into other minds. His natural disposition was frank, candid, and free. He was ever ready to communicate. There was no mixture of selfishness or reserve in his natural bent of mind to keep him aloof from others. It was his peculiar temperament to unbosom himself to those about him, and he was remarkably social in all his feelings. When, therefore, a lively interest in divine truth and a keen-sighted perception of the importance of Christianity to the welfare of man, were joined to such a natural frame of mind, it is easy to perceive that he would be led to engage in their service with all his heart, and with an indefatigable ardor. Liberal Christianity is indebted to him for some of its most affecting and powerful appeals. His labors in its behalf, both by his word and by his published writings, were unwearied, and seem

wonderful, indeed, when we remember the very infirm state of his health from time to time, and especially the early fears entertained by those who knew him best, lest his physical strength should be unequal to the labors of the ministry. How many souls did he lead to the feet of Jesus, and send on rejoicing, though with trembling, to their heavenly home, where they are now rejoined to his communion, and where so many yet hope to rejoin him hereafter. It was a marked excellence of the manner of his preaching, that he presented the Gospel as an active, practical, living principle. His power for abstract argumentation was very great. He had a faculty for philosophical analysis, which enabled him at once to master any subject upon which he turned his thoughts. But he was too well aware of the wants of our humanity, too fond of the beautiful simplicity of the Gospel, to indulge, either in his public efforts in the pulpit, or through the press, in merely argumentative discourse. He patiently studied out by himself the great truths of religion and of life, and offered to others not the course of his meditations and study so much as their results. Consequently, every thing which he wrote had a strictly practical tendency to awaken a fear, to solve a doubt, to arouse from indifference, to excite Christian watchfulness, and build up heavenly faith. Those who were blessed with his ministry will readily recognize this as a leading characteristic in all that he did and said. He had no respect, of course, for a



*mock Christianity*, as withering in its influence as infidelity itself. Those who were under the influence of his ministerial labors must live the true, the divine life; and if they did not, he was a faithful shepherd, that would put forth his hand at any moment, without fear or favor, but always with Christian meekness, to pluck the brand from the burning. You have reason, my friends, to remember with gratitude his fidelity to you in this regard. The inconsistency of Christian professors he was grieved to behold, and he told them so; and told them where and how they were unfaithful to Jesus. Throughout our Churches he was known and felt as an uncompromising, faithful, zealous friend of true Christianity. It is not difficult for you to realize, hence, how great a loss has fallen upon all our churches, and especially upon his brethren in the ministry, who regarded him with the utmost confidence for his practical wisdom and his readiness to labor; yes, and may I not say more especially upon myself, who looked to him as a near, constant, sympathizing friend and brother, privileged indeed to have him call me affectionately on the day of his installation, his colleague in the ministry. Alas! that he is not here to speak to you himself with the living voice!

But, my friends, with his hearty zeal in behalf of our own form of faith was united nothing of a sectarian or bigoted spirit. You knew him too well to fear that; and our Christian friends,\* by whose

\* The Baptist Society, who had no services in their own church on the occasion when this discourse was delivered.

kindness you were furnished with a place of worship for nearly the last two years, testify by their presence at this time, how high a regard they entertained for that servant of God; and their pastor can also testify to his universal and catholic spirit of charity. Among all denominations, wherever he was known, he was respected and beloved, as a faithful laborer in the vineyard of the common Master.

I have alluded to our brother's keen comprehension of divine truth, his practical wisdom, his generous frankness, and ministerial fidelity. These qualities of mind and heart were adorned by an indomitable energy, a resolute perseverance, and a noble spirit of self-sacrifice, and all combined together made him what he was in the highest sense of that term, "*a working man*." In him was exemplified that "divine marriage," so eloquently spoken of in the sermon at the dedication of this church on Wednesday last, between "work and worship," "action and prayer"; in respect to which it would be well did all remember the command to which reference was then made: "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." Valuable illustration of this remark is found in the facts that have been related of his early life, and of his preparation for the ministry, through all which period he contended manfully in the midst of many difficulties, that would have seemed insuperable to others. His theory, carried out into every department of life, was, "Work whilst it is day,

for the night cometh, in which no man can work." Such a spirit as this brooked no discouragement. I cannot omit to mention that beautiful instance of this spirit of fortitude and perseverance, which must ever be dear to your recollection, when, after the destruction of your house of worship by fire, more than a year since, he was seen on the next day going about from house to house, cheering your hearts, almost leading you to feel that a blessing rather than an affliction had fallen upon you. Do you not remember well the purport of the discourse which he delivered on the following Sabbath, from the text, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him who is the health of my countenance and my God"? Do you not remember how warmly he expressed his sympathy, but yet urged that the misfortune, as it seemed to you, was a blessing in disguise? "May there not have been danger," said he, "that our house of worship was becoming our idol, taking the place in our hearts of that supreme regard for the high spiritual objects of the Gospel which we ought ever to cherish?" He, being dead, yet speaketh! He reminded you that this trial was an admonition to reflect upon any neglect which your religious interests had suffered during the time that you were waiting for your new church; and with generous frankness acknowledged a willingness that he had felt to postpone various works and efforts until you could enjoy your own place of wor-

ship. How faithfully did he deal with your hearts, reminding you of the duty of forgetting all causes of alienation ; presenting both sides of the picture, the loss you had experienced, and how many blessings you had left. How naturally and persuasively did he come to the conviction that there was no reason to be disquieted. "If your feelings are only right," he said, "there will be no difficulty ; your disappointment will be borne without a murmur, and your loss sustained without flinching or holding back." You have reason, my friends, this day to remember with gratitude the entreaties that he presented then to you all to go onward without fear or anxiety, and the encouragement that he offered you all in undertaking to erect a new structure to the worship of God. And this was but one instance among many of the happy fortitude with which he bore up under difficulties in his work, and made them conduce to the good of others. Oftentimes, when the futility or impracticability of some favorite purpose was urged upon him, he would humbly admit that it might be so, but the question with him was, "*What is my duty, what is to be done, how can it be done?*" And the faithful effort waited so quickly upon the inquiry as to leave no doubt that he saw his duty plainly, and was resolved to pursue it. His enthusiasm seldom ran away with his judgment, but bid him in Heaven's name do something, and do it at once. We have seldom been privileged to see such intense mental activity with such entire kindness of

heart, and such ready wisdom. No occasion found him unprepared. So long as the purpose was a good one, every opportunity for labor, labor of the mind, and heart, and voice, was acceptable. No one could labor with him, or come within the sphere of his influence, without observing the facility with which he turned every thing to some good account. In imitation of God's gracious providence, he made all things work together for good unto them that were exercised thereby. An almost intuitive sense of moral distinctions, and of the essential elements of all subjects, armed him with a word for every occasion, and enabled him to bring in all facts, incidents, or thoughts, however insignificant to other minds, as tributaries to his work of benefiting the world. He had, too, a most happy faculty of presenting delicate and difficult subjects in a manner to please all parties, but at the same time to perform the highest service to the truth. Wherever he was, he became the life of society. Nothing could long remain stagnant and dead where he labored. Most happily did my brother\* say of him on that day when his sacred remains were committed to the dust, "that a spirit of improvement marked his path everywhere." You will all remember, I doubt not, that discourse delivered before you last November, upon the text, "For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also may be sanctified through the truth," wherein he spoke of the influence of a holy man upon the

\* Rev. Mr. Muzzey, in his funeral address.

human heart. "Has it not been," he said, "that you felt yourselves surrounded by a pure and holy atmosphere, which, as you breathed it, wrought a change in all your feelings, and desires, and aspirations; an atmosphere impregnated with the silent influences which have been constantly flowing forth from the holy and devout man into whose presence you have been brought?" Of no one was it more true than of himself, that this influence, besides his direct labor, was going forth to mould other hearts. Does not the whole tenor of that powerful and invaluable discourse now return vividly to your minds, and by its important truth bring up this part of his character in bold and beautiful relief? Indeed, he had a resolute determination, entirely free from pride of opinion, but upborne by a devout confidence in himself, that wherever he was, he would make himself *felt*; that whatever he *could* do, should be done; and very many hearts can testify that it was even so. That holy privilege belonged indisputably to him, which was the province of such a high resolve, that he usually swayed the minds of others at will, and placed those who offered obstructions to the truth that he advocated in no enviable position. Not that he was arbitrary, or dictatorial; but there the truth lay in his own mind, and burned in his heart of hearts, and if he could induce others to feel it as he felt it, or even to know *how he felt it*, that was enough. He had sufficient faith in the power of a pure and holy enthusiasm to know that spiritual influences would

work far and wide, and were all pervasive. This accounts clearly enough for the deference that was felt for his opinion. In any trying case, in any peculiar combination of circumstances, he could be relied upon. He led you, my Christian friends, through difficulties which might have caused others to tremble; and which, but for his aid in helping you to surmount them, might have prevented the fulfilment of those hopes in which you now rejoice. In more public matters, here and elsewhere, he often turned the scales the right way when all seemed in peril, and indulged many fears. If he was enlisted in behalf of any purpose, doubt and fear were dispelled. This was not the tame tribute paid to the ministerial office, of hypocritical deference, which says to one's face *yes* and *no*, but, when the back is turned, says *no* and *yes*, but the tribute of convinced, confiding minds, that felt his power, and named him at the fireside and in the public walks of life with honor and affection. That he knew it was inevitable in one who saw so clearly; but it induced no pride of opinion. He was *humble as a child*, willing to admit that he might be wrong, but until some reasonable doubts were shown to him, until from any cause he felt doubts himself, there he was, as a pillar of adamant, inflexible and faithful!

It would have been a wonderful anomaly in all philosophy of character, if a true independence had not been found in close communion with those traits, and giving them their real exaltation. He

lived with God! He felt that He knew his heart, and so he feared not man, whatsoever he could do unto him. With the devout Psalmist he felt, "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, forever more." When others, dearest to him, expressed any anxiety for the future, he would say with heavenly trust, "Fear not; I am trying to do my duty! Will not God take care of us all!" Yes! *duty* was his simple, holy watchword, his blessed assurance. He knew that "the work of righteousness shall be peace for ever." He did not ask what others would think of his course, before he determined what he should do. If some felt that he had better have done differently, he would reply, "All I ask, is, that they will take my position, and do it. But if I am to act, it must be according to my judgment and my sense of duty! What a blessed spirit of self-dependence, united with complete charity and humility. No one could be more willing to risk popularity. Not that he disregarded it. Kind regard, deference, popularity in its true sense, a nature so generous, so frank, so social, so affectionate, could not but value. But he did not *seek* popularity; it *sought* him, and, do you not know it, from the very fact of his independence of it. He might be called a disciple of the doctrine of expediency; not of a false and timid expediency, but of that divine and heavenly temper, that availed of the most fit times and seasons; that, when he perceived a valuable opportunity, sent home to oth-



er hearts the lesson that he had himself received; but an expediency still nobler and more divine, that when duty demanded, and occasion called, bid him speak right on, whether men would hear, or whether they would forbear. And no one knew or felt more than he, that there were such times, and had more resolution and faith than he, yes, and love to God and to man, to meet and be equal to them. With Paul he could say to any misgivings that waited upon such a course, "Am I therefore become your enemy, because I tell you the truth?" Seldom has it been in the power of man, in the spirit of such an enthusiasm, and so fearless, and free to fulfil so unexceptionable a ministry!

But whilst we thus commemorate, my Christian friends, those manly virtues, that made him, whom we mourn to-day, so efficient a servant of Christ, and rendered him so widely known, let us not forget that which was, to my humble apprehension, the crowning grace in his character. At first view, a life of so much activity, of such earnest labors in every good work, may seem inconsistent with the more retired communings of the soul with God, with that devout meditation and secret prayer, that form so important a part of the spiritual life, and comprehend its highest perfection. But with more careful thought, we shall perceive that as there can be no vigorous action of the physical energies, without the regular and healthy pulsations of the heart, so there can be

no true outward service in the kingdom of God, unless a fountain of holy confidence in our Heavenly Father, and of fervent communion with his spirit, is cherished in the soul, and never without a copious supply of "the water of life." Our departed brother understood this truth in all its extent and applications, and labored for himself as faithfully as he labored for others. I consider his example in this regard as one of the richest remembrances that he has bequeathed to us all. With intense mental activity, he possessed great devoutness of soul. We read that our Saviour went apart oftentimes for prayer and secret communion with God. Here, as elsewhere, he, of whom we now speak, was faithful to imitate his Lord and Master. In the arrangement of his time, he was in the daily habit of using the earliest hours of the morning for study of the Bible, and holy meditation, and prayer. Here he gained his strength, his resolution, his faith, and his cheerful trust, and fortified himself with power to address other souls, and to comfort the wearied, sorrowing heart. His favorite authors were those who treated most profoundly of the inner life; and the most marked peculiarity of his discourses was found in the developments of a soul ever in intimate communion with divine truth, and with Him, who is the source of all truth. His sermons on the subject of prayer are striking exemplifications of this view of his character. His relations to many under his various ministries were of such

a tender nature, that they sought communion with him, that they might understand the ways of the true inner life, and imbibe a portion of it from him. Influences have gone out from him of this nature, that will not cease their blessed ministry, now that he is removed from the earth.

I have spoken of our lamented friend, chiefly in his ministerial character. But you all know, that he fostered with diligent care all things for which Christianity taught him to plead. He did not hope to serve the world by laboring only for those who received his faith, but for all whom he could in any way influence. His earnest exertions out of the peculiar enclosure of the Church deserve more than the passing notice which I must hasten here to give to them. He was the firm, long tried friend of education. Wherever he lived he was the pillar of schools, and the life of teachers. His writings on this subject will always be valued as monuments of his wisdom, his enthusiasm, and his love for the young; and it is earnestly to be hoped that his services in behalf of our schools in this town will be so appreciated, that all in our midst will delight to honor his memory by rendering them efficient and ample support.\* How earnestly he plead for *Peace*, on the 19th of April, 1846, you will all

\* These hopes have been happily fulfilled, the town having voted at the annual March meeting the sum of \$ 2500 for the support of their schools the ensuing year, being an increase of \$ 900 over the appropriation of the last year.

remember, and how devoted a friend he was to the cause. One of his last acts of a public nature was the signing of the protest by our denomination against the enormities of the Mexican War, which he regarded as a foul blot upon our national character. His voice was often raised also in opposition to slavery, and in behalf of human freedom. His whole heart was in the cause of liberty, and his published letter upon the subject will now be doubly dear to all our hearts. By it, "he, being dead, yet speaketh." Of his faithful labors in support of the Temperance Reform, I need not remind you. For its interests he labored everywhere, early and late, not indeed always with the rich success he deserved, but with great effect. His last public lecture was upon this subject, in the home of his birth, the week only before he was called so suddenly from his home here, never again to enter it alive. At the close of that lecture, in the midst of a touching appeal to the young men present, he uttered these remarkable words: "You may never hear my voice again." O will not "he, being dead, yet speak," and with increased power, to those young hearts? Will not all here and elsewhere, who heard his living voice, and his earnest exhortations, now listen, as he speaks from his heavenly home, and heed what once they dismissed for the false pleasures and the indulgences of the world? And finally, for what good thing, my friends, was he not willing to labor ac-

according to, yes, and beyond his strength; and does he not call upon us to make similar consecration of ourselves to these glorious works of God!

And now, Christian friends, I will not allow myself any longer to indulge in the melancholy pleasure of portraying the character of one, whom all loved and honored. I could not have uttered less! Much more might I have said of him. It affords me consolation to think and speak thus of that sainted spirit. From his heavenly abode may he be able to witness, that I have spoken sober truth, and have rendered though feeble yet sincere testimony to a life, whose labors were exceeded only by its aims and aspirations!

But there is *one, most* deeply bereaved, who needs our sympathy, and whom we bear on our hearts to the throne of grace. Beloved friend! upon whom the hand of a chastening Providence has now been twice heavily laid, what a blessed consolation is *yours* in the memory of one, who loved you and yours so earnestly, and struggled so constantly with public engagements to devote time and thought to his family. *He* trusted not in man alone! Let me commend *you* and *your beloved children* to that Being, whose word gives the gracious promise, that He will be the widow's God, and the Father of the fatherless. Trust in his mercy! He will care for you! Remember the devout acknowledgment of our Saviour, "I am not alone, for the Father is with me." You

have indeed an arduous work to perform in guiding the education, and watching for the welfare of those, who now look to you alone for parental oversight. Rejoice, I beseech you, that you have the memory and the example of such a father to impress upon their tender hearts; and in the hope that as one holy family you shall all be united hereafter, with the departed spirit, to that loved one, \* who went before you all to the eternal world. And to each of you, children of a loving and departed father, let me say in the language of the inspired penman, "Keep thy father's *commandment*, and forsake not the *law* of thy mother. Bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck. When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee; for the *commandment* is a lamp, and the *law* is light, and reproofs of instruction are the way of life."

To that tenderly loved *sister*, left in advanced years to mourn the departure of such a brother from her earthly communion, I would say, "Thy brother *hath* risen again;" and reiterate his own affectionate message sent to you from the bed of his last sickness, and now repeated from his heavenly home, "You will soon be with me again." Oh! what a precious comfort, to reflect upon the life of one whose earliest as his latest days you

\* Her daughter Sarah, who died Feb. 21, 1846, at the age of 12 years and 11 months.

shielded by your care, whose youth you led on to those high pursuits of knowledge and truth, through which he became such a benefactor to the world! May our Heavenly Father gently support and guide you on through the dimness and shadows of this existence to the enduring communion of a brighter abode!

To his nearest relatives, let me say, he has left you a precious inheritance, having honored the Christian nurture in which he was trained, by fidelity to his Master, and love to mankind, and has only now "passed on" in God's own time, to the company of the sainted Christian Patriarch,\* and of that brother spirit,† who was also early snatched from an efficient ministry on earth, and to the society of those in communion with whom your early days were blessed with the influences of a Christian home!

To this bereaved flock, whose shepherd is "torn from their embrace," and

"O'er whose dust  
With bleeding hearts, this people mourn,"

let me interpret what the spirit saith in our hearts. Your loss is indeed a heavy affliction. Fond hopes, long treasured expectations are blighted! In the last two years, you have been sorely tried. But God's providence is always wise, and if man is

\* His father, Deacon John Whitman, who died July 19, 1842, at the age of 107 years.

† Rev. Bernard Whitman, who died Nov. 5, 1834.

humble, he shall discern his almighty purposes. In the spirit of my beloved brother, let me exhort you to remember not only the affliction you have suffered, but the privileges you have yet left to you. When your first temple was suddenly consumed by fire, you were blest still with his counsel, to interpret to you the ways of Providence and encourage your hearts; and now that this more beautiful structure is preserved to your prayers, but he is removed to his high reward, "being dead, he yet speaketh." He bids you go on in abundant Christian faith, and allow not yourselves to make an idol of this house of prayer, but dedicate your own hearts as living temples to the everlasting service of God, and of his Son! In the name of my brethren in the Christian ministry, who deeply sympathize with you all, I commend to your pious, reverent care, and the supplies of your abundance, this bereaved, dependent family! Shall not *his* memory be honored by your generous solicitude, and your ample provision for their wants? Shall not that be, indeed, still a sublime reality, uttered by the Psalmist, "I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread"? Precious relics slumber in yonder home of the dead! The remains of a beloved and holy daughter, of an honored husband and father, your faithful shepherd and pastor once, there repose! Those whom they loved would still make their home near them, and in your midst. Brethren, all thanks for what you have done already in their behalf! Let the



future also prove that you are grateful stewards of the bounty of God, and value aright the ministry which he, though dead in the body, yet *continues to fulfil*; and in due time may God in his kindness grant you another spiritual guide,

“As free, as faithful to his trust.”

To your kind friends, the members of the Baptist Society, in whose church you have been privileged to worship for nearly two years, I would in your name offer the heartiest thanks for their Christian courtesy. We tender to them our sympathy in the early removal of one, on whose ministrations, though differing from him in religious opinions, they ever attended with profit and pleasure, and for whom they cherished a high and holy regard. May the communion which my brother, their pastor, was permitted to enjoy with him, be often remembered, to encourage him in the labors of his ministry, and this act of Christian union be long valued here and elsewhere as an example to be followed implicitly, and as a bright foreglimmering of the blissful union of a higher state of existence.

I would affectionately remind our brethren of the society of our faith in Bedford, to whom he so often ministered, when his services were not required for his own people, of his esteemed labors in their behalf; that he was indeed faithful to them, and as a wise counsellor, and father in the gospel of Christ. May they listen now in the

hour of their bereavement to that voice, in which he yet speaketh, "Be watchful; and strengthen the things that remain, that are ready to die."

He is gone! Farewell! my brother, beloved counsellor, friend, and fellow-laborer! Thou hast passed to thy bright abode! We would not detain thee! No; we would not recall thee! Thou canst serve thy Saviour still! Thy purposes of benevolence shall still go on to their fulfilment! Thou art gone home in peace, to joys eternal! *Farewell!* Oh no! we will still commune with thine exalted spirit here amid the dim vision of earth, and pray to be admitted to thy fellowship hereafter!

